



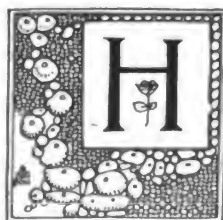
Drawn by G. W. Peters

IN THE GATEWAY OF NATIONS

BY JACOB A. RIIS

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WITH PICTURES BY G. W. PETERS



HOW it all came back to me: that Sunday in early June when I stood, a lonely immigrant lad, at the steamer's rail and looked out upon the New World of my dreams; upon the life that teemed ashore and afloat, and was all so strange; upon the miles of streets that led nowhere I knew of; upon the sunlit harbor, and the gay excursion-boats that went to and fro with their careless crowds; upon the green hills of Brooklyn; upon the majestic sweep of the lordly river. I thought that I had never seen anything so beautiful, and I think so now, after more than thirty years, when I come into New York's harbor on a steamer. But now I am coming home; then all the memories lay behind. I squared my shoulders against what was coming. I was ready and eager.

But for a passing moment, there at the rail, I would have given it all for one familiar face, one voice I knew.

How it all came back as I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat plowing its way from the Battery Park to Ellis Island. They were there, my fellow-travelers of old: the men with their strange burdens of featherbeds, cooking-pots, and things unknowable, but mighty of bulk, in bags of bed-ticking much the worse for wear. There was the very fellow with the knapsack that had never left him once on the way over, not even when he slept. Then he used it as a pillow. It was when he ate that we got fleeting glimpses of its interminable coils of sausage, its uncanny depths of pumpernickel and cheese that eked out the steamer's fare. I saw him last in Pittsburg, still with his sack. What long-forgotten memories that crowd stirred! The women were there, with their gaudy head-dresses and big gold ear-rings.

But their hair was raven black instead of yellow, and on the young girl's cheek there was a richer hue than the pink and white I knew. The men, too, looked like swarthy gnomes compared with the stalwart Swede or German of my day. They were the same, and yet not the same. I glanced out over the bay, and behold! all things were changed. For the wide stretch of squat houses pierced by the single spire of Trinity Church there had come a sky-line of towering battlements, in the shelter of which nestled Castle Garden, once more a popular pleasure resort. My eye rested upon one copper-roofed palace, and I recalled with a smile my first errand ashore to a barber's shop in the old Washington Inn, that stood where it is built. I went to get a bath and to have my hair cut, and they charged me two dollars in gold for it, with gold at a big premium; which charge, when I objected to it, was adjudged fair by a man who said he was a notary—an office I was given to understand was equal in dignity to that of a justice of peace or of the Supreme Court. And when, still unawed, I appealed to the policeman outside, that functionary heard me through, dangling his club from his thumb, and delivered himself of a weary "G' wan, now!" that ended it. There was no more.

"For the loikes o' them!" I turned sharply to the voice at my elbow, and caught the ghost of a grimace on the face of the old apple-woman who sat disdainfully dealing out bananas to the "Dagos" and "sheenies" of her untamed prejudices, sole survival in that crowd of the day that was past. No, not quite the only one. I was another. She recognized it with a look and a nod.

A curiously changing procession has passed through Uncle Sam's gateway since I stood at the steamer's rail that June morning in the long ago. Then the tide of Teutonic immigration that peopled the great Northwest was still rising. The last herd of buffaloes had not yet gone over the divide before the white-tented prairie-schooner's advance; the battle of the Little Big Horn was yet unfought. A circle drawn on the map of Europe around the countries smitten with the America-unrest would, even a dozen years later than that, have had Paris for its center. "To-day," said Assistant Commissioner of Immigration McSweeney, speaking before the Na-

tional Geographic Society last winter, "a circle of the same size, including the sources of the present immigration to the United States, would have its center in Constantinople." And he pointed out that as steamboat transportation developed on the Danube the center would be more firmly fixed in the East, where whole populations, notably in the Balkan States, are catching the infection or having it thrust upon them. Secretary Hay's recent note to the powers in defense of the Rumanian Jews told part of that story. Even the Italian, whose country sent us half a million immigrants in the last four years, may then have to yield first place to the hill men with whom kidnapping is an established industry. I mean no disrespect to their Sicilian brother bandit. With him it is a fine art.

While the statesman ponders the perils of unrestricted immigration, and debates with organized labor whom to shut out and how, the procession moves serenely on. Ellis Island is the nations' gateway to the promised land. There is not another such to be found anywhere. In a single day it has handled seven thousand immigrants. "Handled" is the word; nothing short of it will do.

"How much you got?" shouts the inspector at the head of the long file moving up from the quay between iron rails, and, remembering, in the same breath shrieks out, "Quanto moneta?" with a gesture that brings up from the depths of Pietro's pocket a pitiful handful of paper money. Before he has it half out, the interpreter has him by the wrist, and with a quick movement shakes the bills out upon the desk as a dice-thrower "chucks" the ivories.

Ten, twenty, forty lire. He shakes his head. Not much, but—he glances at the ship's manifest—is he going to friends?

"Si, si! signor," says Pietro, eagerly; his brother of the vineyard—oh, a fine vineyard! And he holds up a bundle of grape-sticks in evidence. He has brought them all the way from the village at home to set them out in his brother's field.

"Ugh," grunts the inspector as he stuffs the money back in the man's pocket, shoves him on, and yells, "Wie viel geld?" at a hapless German next in line. "They won't grow. They never do. Bring 'em just the same." By which time the German

has joined Pietro in his bewilderment en route for something or somewhere, shoved on by guards, and the inspector wrestles with a "case" who is trying to sneak in on false pretenses. No go; he is hauled off by an officer and ticketed "S. I.," printed large on a conspicuous card. It means that he is held for the Board of Special Inquiry, which will sift his story. Before they reach the door there is an outcry and a scuffle. The tide has turned against the Italian and the steamship company. He was detected throwing the card, back up, under the heater, hoping to escape in the crowd. He will have to go back. An eagle eye, with a memory that never lets go, has spotted him as once before deported. King Victor Emmanuel has achieved a reluctant subject; Uncle Sam has lost a citizen. Which is the better off?

A stalwart Montenegrin comes next, lugging his gun of many an ancient feud, and proves his title clear. Neither the feud nor the blunderbuss is dangerous under the American sun; they will both seem grotesque before he has been here a month. A Syrian from Mount Lebanon holds up the line while the inspector fires questions at him which it is not given to the uninitiated ear to make out. Goodness knows where they get it all. There seems to be no language or dialect under the sun that does not lie handy to the tongue of these men at the desk. There are twelve of them. One would never dream there were twelve such linguists in the country till he hears them and sees them; for half their talk is done with their hands and shoulders and with the official steel pen that transfixes an object of suspicion like a merciless spear, upon the point of which it writhes in vain. The Syrian wriggles off by good luck, and to-morrow will be peddling "holy earth from Jerusalem," purloined on his way through the Battery, at half a dollar a clod. He represents the purely commercial element of our immigration, and represents it well—or ill, as you take it. He cares neither for land and cattle, nor for freedom to worship or work, but for cash in the way of trade. And he gets it. Hence more come every year.

Looking down upon the crowd in the gateway, jostling, bewildered, and voluble in a thousand tongues,—so at least it sounds,—it seems like a hopeless mass of confusion. As a matter of fact, it is all

order and perfect system, begun while the steamer was yet far out at sea. By the time the lighters are tied up at the Ellis Island wharf their human cargo is numbered and lettered in groups that correspond with like entries in the manifest, and so are marshaled upon and over the bridge that leads straight into the United States to the man with the pen who asks questions. When the crowd is great and pressing, they camp by squads in little stalls bearing their proprietary stamp, as it were, finding one another and being found when astray by the mystic letter that brings together in the close companionship of a common peril—the pen, one stroke of which can shut the gate against them—men and women who in another hour go their way, very likely never to meet or hear of one another again on earth. The sense of the impending trial sits visibly upon the waiting crowd. Here and there a masterful spirit strides boldly on; the mass huddle close, with more or less anxious look. Five minutes after it is over, eating their dinner in the big waiting-room, they present an entirely different appearance. Signs and numbers have disappeared. The groups are recasting themselves on lines of nationality and personal preference. Care is cast to the winds. A look of serene contentment sits upon the face that gropes among the hieroglyphics on the lunch-counter bulletin-board for the things that pertain to him and his:

Röget Fisk
Kielbara
Szynka Gotowana

"Ugh!" says my companion, home-bred on fried meat, "I would n't eat it." No more would I if it tastes as it reads; but then, there is no telling. That lunch-counter is not half bad. From the kosher sausage to the big red apples that stare at one—at the children especially—wherever one goes, it is really very appetizing. The *röget fisk* I know about; it is good.

The women guard the baggage in their seats while *pater familias* takes a look around. Half of them munch their New-World sandwich with an I-care-not-what-comes-next-the-worst-is-over air; the other half scribble elaborately with stubby pencils on postal cards that are all star-spangled and striped with white and red. It is their



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT ELLIS ISLAND—SERVING SOUP ON THE ROOF GARDEN

announcement to those waiting at home that they have passed the gate and are within.

Behind carefully guarded doors wait the "outs," the detained immigrants, for the word that will let down the bars or fix them in place immovably. The guard is for a double purpose: that no one shall leave or enter the detention—"pen" it used to be called; but the new régime under President Roosevelt's commission has set its face sternly against the term. The law of kindness rules on Ellis Island; a note posted conspicuously invites every employee who cannot fall in with it to get out as speedily as he may. So now it is the detention—"room" into which no outsider with unfathomed intentions may enter. Here are the old, the stricken, waiting for friends able to keep them; the pitiful little colony of women without the shield of a man's name in the hour of their greatest need; the young and pretty and thoughtless, for whom one sends up a silent prayer of thanksgiving at the thought of the mob at that other gate, yonder in Battery Park, beyond which Uncle Sam's strong hand reaches not to guide or guard. And the hopelessly bewildered are there, often enough exasperated at the restraint, which they cannot understand. The law of kindness is put to a severe strain here by ignorance and stubbornness. In it all they seem, some of them, to be able to make out only that their personal liberty, their "rights," are interfered with. How quickly they sprout in the gateway! This German girl who is going to her uncle flatly refuses to send him word that she is here. She has been taught to look out for sharpers and to guard her little store well, and detects in the telegraph toll a scheme to rob her of one of her cherished silver marks. To all reasoning she turns a deaf and defiant ear: he will find her. The important thing is that she is here. That her uncle is in Newark makes no impression on her. Is it not all America?

A name is cried at the door, and there is a rush. Angelo, whose destination, repeated with joyful volubility in every key and accent, puzzled the officials for a time, is going. His hour of deliverance has come. "Pringvilliamas" yielded to patient scrutiny at last. It was "Springfield, Mass.," and impatient friends are waiting for Angelo up there. His countryman, who is

going to his brother-in-law, but has "forgotten his American name," takes leave of him wistfully. He is penniless, and near enough the "age limit of adaptability" to be an object of doubt and deliberation.

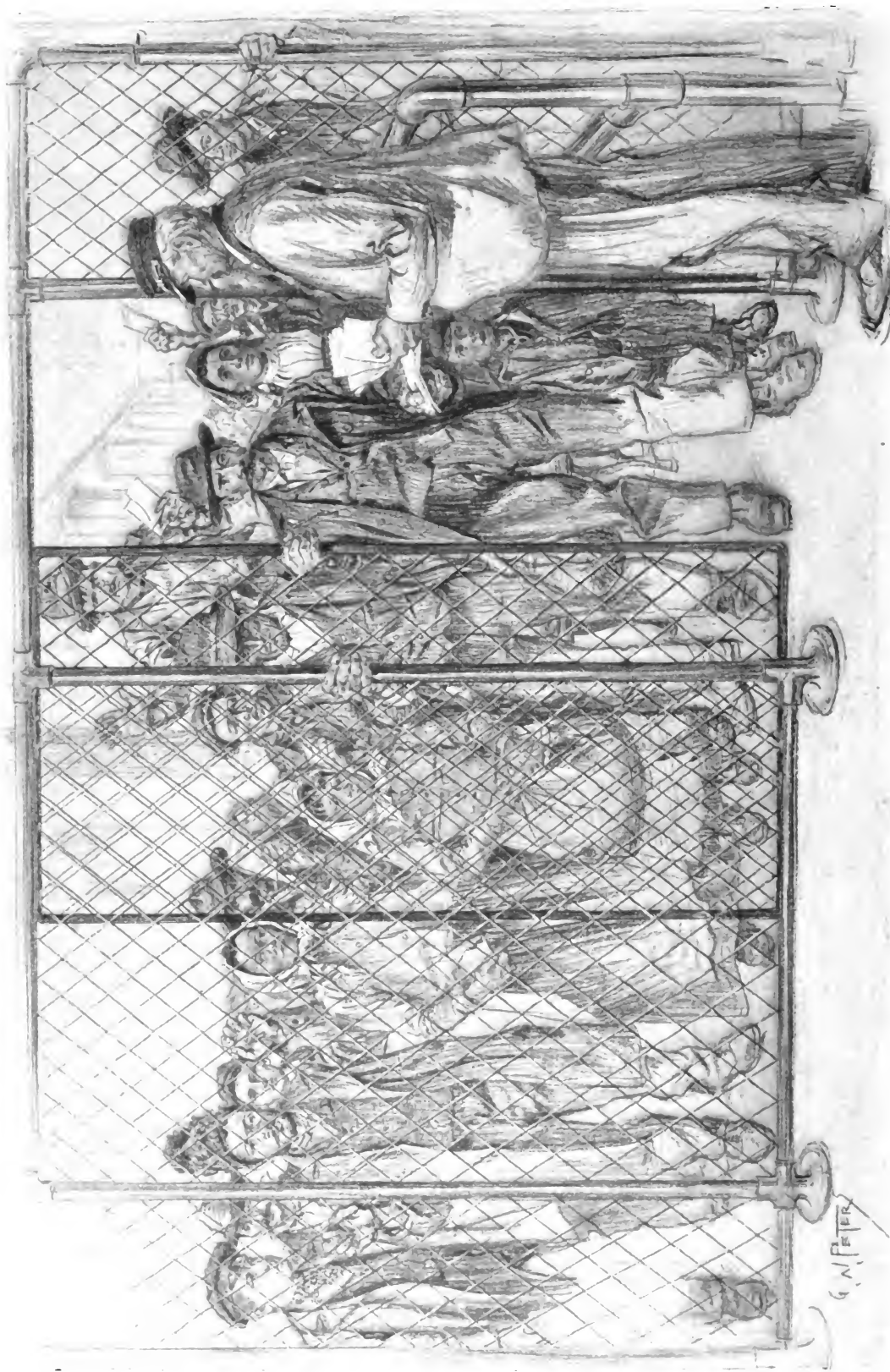
In laying down that limit, as in the case of the other that fixes the amount of money in hand to prove the immigrant's title to enter, the island is a law unto itself. Under the folds of the big flag which drapes the tribunal of the Board of Special Inquiry, claims from every land under the sun are weighed and adjusted. It is ever a matter of individual consideration. A man without a cent, but with a pair of strong hands and with a head that sits firmly on rugged shoulders, might be better material for citizenship in every way than Mr. Moneybags with no other recommendation; and to shut out an aged father and mother for whom the children are able and willing to care would be inhuman. The gist of the thing was put clearly in President Roosevelt's message in the reference to a certain economic standard of fitness for citizenship that must govern, and does govern, the keepers of the gate. Into it enter not only the man's years and his pocket-book, but the whole man, and he himself virtually decides the case. Not many, I fancy, are sent back without good cause. The law of kindness is strained, if anything, in favor of the immigrant to the doubtful advantage of Uncle Sam, on the presumption, I suppose, that he can stand it.

But at the locked door of the rejected, those whom the Board has heard and shut out, the process stops short. At least, it did when I was there. I stopped it. It was when the attendant pointed out an ex-bandit, a black and surly fellow with the strength of a wild boar, who was wanted on the other side for sticking a knife into a man. The knife they had taken from him here was the central exhibit in a shuddering array of such which the doorkeeper kept in his corner. That morning the bandit had "soaked" a countryman of his, waiting to be deported for the debility of old age. I could not help it. "I hope you—" I began, and stopped short, remembering the "notice" on the wall. But the man at the door understood. "I did," he nodded. "I soaked him a couple." And I felt better. I confess it, and I will not go back to the island, if Commissioner Williams will not let me, for breaking his law.



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

THE REGISTRY DESK, ELLIS ISLAND



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE NEW YORK DETENTION-ROOM, ELLIS ISLAND

But I think he will, for within the hour I saw him himself "soak" a Flemish peasant twice his size for beating and abusing a child. The man turned and towered above the commissioner with angry looks, but the ordinarily quiet little man presented so suddenly a fierce and warlike aspect that, though neither understood a word of what the other said, the case was made clear to the brute on the instant, and he slunk away. Commissioner Williams's law of kindness is all right. It is based upon the correct observation that not one in a thousand of those who land at Ellis Island needs harsh treatment, but advice and help—which does not prevent the thousandth case from receiving its full due.

Two negroes from Santa Lucia are there to keep the stranded Italian company. Mount Pelée sent them hither, only to be bounced back from an inhospitable shore. In truth, one wintry blast would doubtless convince them it were so indeed; their look and lounging attitude betray all too clearly the careless children of the South. Gipsies from nowhere in particular are here with gold in heavy belts, but no character to speak of or to speak for them. They eye the throng making for the ferry with listless unconcern. It makes, in the end, little difference to them where they are, so long as there is a chance for a horse trade, or a horse, anyway. There is none here, and they are impatient only to get away somewhere. Meanwhile they live at the expense of the steamship company that brought them. They all do. It is the penalty for differing with the commission and the Board of Special Inquiry—that and taking them back whence they came without charge.

The railroad ferries come and take their daily host straight from Ellis Island to the train, ticketed now with the name of the route that is to deliver them at their new homes, West and East. And the Battery boat comes every hour for its share. Then the many-hued procession—the women are hooded, one and all, in their gayest shawls for the entry—is led down on a long pathway divided in the middle by a wire screen, from behind which come shrieks of recognition from fathers, brothers, uncles, and aunts that are gathered there in the holiday togs of Mulberry or Division street. The contrast is sharp—an artist would say all in favor of the newcomers. But they would

be the last to agree with him. In another week the rainbow colors will have been laid aside, and the landscape will be the poorer for it. On the boat they meet their friends, and the long journey is over, the new life begun. Those who have no friends run the gantlet of the boarding-house runners, and take their chances with the new freedom, unless the missionary or "the society" of their people holds out a helping hand. For at the barge-office gate Uncle Sam lets go. Through it they must walk alone.

However, in the background waits the universal friend, the padrone. Enactments, prosecutions, have not availed to eliminate him. He will yield only to the logic of the very situation he created. The process is observable among the Italians to-day: where many have gone and taken root, others follow, guided by their friends and no longer dependent upon the padrone. As these centers of attraction are multiplying all over the country, his grip is loosened upon the crowds he labored so hard to bring here for his own advantage. Observant Jews have adopted in recent days the plan of planting out their people who come here, singly or by families, and the farther apart the better, with the professed purpose of diverting as much of the inrush as may be from the city, and thus heading off the congestion of the labor market that perplexes philanthropy in Ludlow street and swells the profits of the padrone on the other side of the Bowery. Something of the problem will be solved in that way, though not in a year, or in ten. But what of those who come after? There is still a long way from the Bosphorus to China, where the bars are up. Scarce a Greek comes here, man or boy, who is not under contract. A hundred dollars a year is the price, so it is said by those who know, though the padrone's cunning has put the legal proof beyond their reach. And the Armenian and Syrian hucksters are "worked" by some peddling trust that traffics in human labor as do other merchants in food-stuffs and coal and oil. So the thing, as it runs down, everlastingly winds itself up again. It has not yet run down far enough to cause anybody alarm. Three Mediterranean steamers and one from Antwerp, as I write, brought 4700 steerage passengers into port in one day, of whom only 1700 were bound for the West. The rest stayed in New York. The padrone

will be able to add yet another tenement, purchased with his profits, to his holdings. In 1891, of 138,608 Italians who landed on Ellis Island, 67,231 registered their final destination as Mulberry street, and Little Italy in Harlem.

Many an emigrant vessel's keel has plowed the sea since the first brought white men greedily for gold. Some have come for conscience sake, some seeking political asylum. Long after the beginning of the last century, ship-loads were sold into virtual slavery to pay their passage money. Treated like cattle, dying by thousands on the voyage, and thrown into the sea with less compunction or ceremony than if they had been so much ballast, still they came. "If crosses and tombstones could be erected on the seas, as in the Western deserts," said Assistant Commissioner McSweeney in the speech before referred to, "the routes of the emigrant vessel from Europe to America would look like crowded cemeteries." They were not made welcome. The sharpers robbed them. Patriots were fearful. The best leaders of American thought mistrusted the outcome of it. The very municipal government of New York expressed apprehension at the handful, less than ten thousand, that came over in 1819-20. Still they came. The Know-nothings had their day, and that

passed away. The country prospered and grew great, and the new citizens prospered and grew with it. Evil days came, and they were scorned no longer; for they were found on the side of right, of an undivided Union, of financial honor, stanch and unyielding. To them America had "spelled opportunity." They paid back what they had received, with interest. They saved the country they had made their own. They were of our blood. These are not; they have other traditions, not necessarily poorer. What people has a prouder story to tell than the Italian? Who a more marvelous than the Jew? But their traditions are not ours. Where will they stand when the strain comes?

I was concerned only with the kaleidoscope of the gateway, and I promised myself not to discuss politics, economics, or morals. But this is very certain: so long as the school-house stands over against the sweat-shop, clean and bright as the flag that flies over it, we need have no fear of the answer. However perplexed the to-day, the to-morrow is ours. We have the making of it. When we no longer count it worth the cost, better shut the gate on Ellis Island. We cannot be too quick about it—for their sake. The opportunity they seek here will have passed then, never to return.





From photographs furnished by the author

ALPINE TYPE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
CEPHALIC INDEX 86

MEDITERRANEAN TYPE, BRINDISI, ITALY
CEPHALIC INDEX 78

WHAT SHALL WE BE?

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR

I. THE COMING RACE IN AMERICA

BY GUSTAVE MICHAUD



ACCORDING to the results of the twelfth census, over one half of our white population consists of those immigrants who landed on our shores after the year 1835 and of their descendants. The native stock—that is, the descendants of those immigrants who settled in the United States before 1835—was still a majority in 1890. It is now gradually becoming a small minority, not only as a consequence of the fact that every week brings thousands of newcomers from Europe, but also as a result of its decreasing natality, the recent immigrants being, on the contrary, prolific. What the newcomers are is thereby, in a large measure, what the nation will be. This makes it interesting to

study the nature, extent, and probable influence of the radical change undergone, within the last decade, by the human current which constantly flows from the Old World to the New.

For the sake of accuracy, and also in order that such a study may help us to foresee some of the characteristics of the future American people, race, not nationality or language, will be considered here.

The language and nationality of an immigrant tell us mostly of the habits acquired by him during his life through the institutions and agencies which surrounded him, and it is a biological axiom that acquired characteristics, whether physical or mental, are not transmissible to offspring: no one has ever heard of an amputated man who



From photographs furnished by the author

BALTIC TYPE, MANCHESTER, N. H.
CEPHALIC INDEX 77

The cephalic index expresses the relative breadth of the head, assuming that its length is 100. To obtain it, the absolute breadth of the head (above the ears) is divided by its absolute length (taken from a point between the eyes to the back of the skull) and the quotient is multiplied by 100.—G. M.

transmitted his acquired infirmity to his progeny. On the contrary, the race of a man tells us of his inherited, not acquired, features and tendencies, and these are always, to a higher or lower degree, transmissible: we have still to hear of a negro whose child by a white woman was per-



APPROXIMATE ETHNIC COMPOSITION OF
100 IMMIGRANTS LANDED WITHIN
THE PERIOD 1835-90
BALTIC 87, ALPINE 10, MEDITERRANEAN 3

fectly white. To consider the ethnic origin of our immigrants is therefore to consider the mental and physical characteristics, idiosyncrasies, and tendencies not only of the individual who lands upon our shores, but also of his posterity; that is to say, of the future American people.

It cannot be said that there is but little difference between nationality and race, that political or linguistic frontiers generally coincide with racial boundaries. Most European nations are made up of several races. Men who belong to one and the same race are found living under dif-



APPROXIMATE ETHNIC COMPOSITION OF
100 IMMIGRANTS LANDED WITHIN
THE DECADE 1890-1900
BALTIC 53, ALPINE 32, MEDITERRANEAN 15

ferent flags and speaking different languages. Both the Prussian and the Bavarian speak German; in nearly all other mental as well as in physical traits they differ widely. In Switzerland, men who exhibit the same physical features, who possess the same mental tendencies, and who belong, evidently, to the same ethnic stock, speak three different languages. Again, while

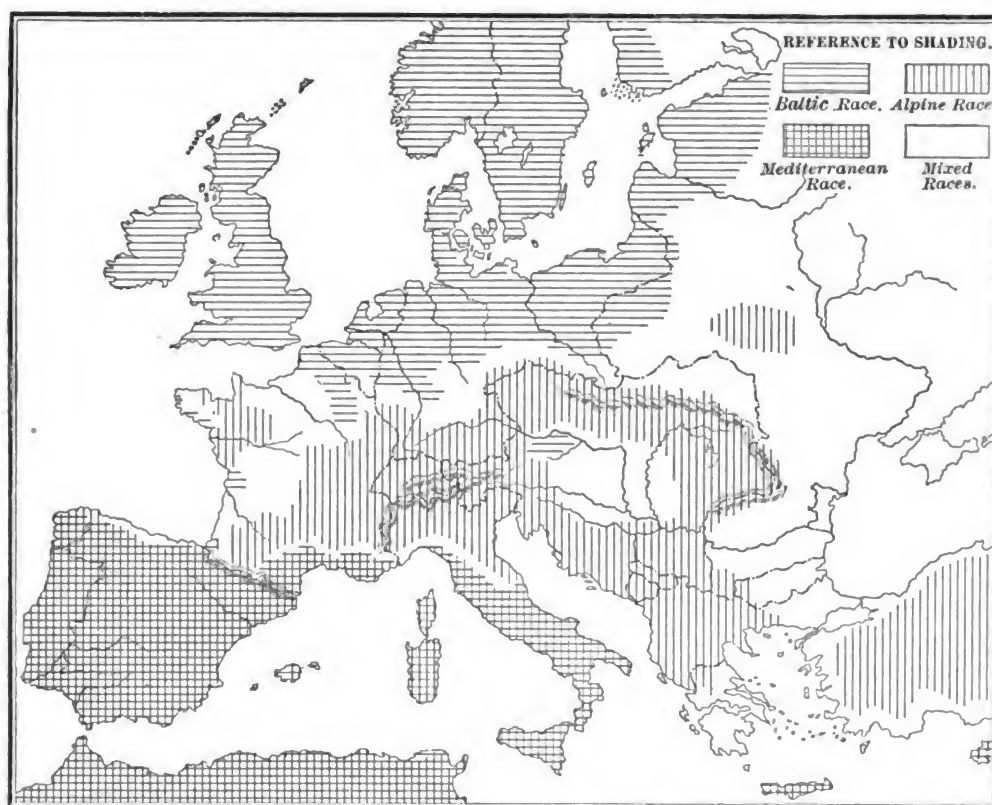


APPROXIMATE ETHNIC COMPOSITION OF
100 IMMIGRANTS LANDED WITHIN
THE TWO FISCAL YEARS 1901-02
BALTIC 35, ALPINE 42, MEDITERRANEAN 23

racial boundaries are comparatively stable, linguistic and political frontiers have been constantly on the move in the course of centuries. The French speak now an idiom derived from the Latin, and for that reason have been classified among the so-called Latin people; but before the conquest by Julius Cæsar, which had no appreciable influence on the race, they spoke a Celtic dialect, and with as much, or rather with as little, reason might have been classified into one single ethnic group with the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Irish.

well-defined areas, the main cause of their isolation being special aptitudes of obtaining a living in certain climates or regions, such as the littoral of the sea or mountainous plateaus. The accompanying map shows the approximate distribution of the three European races in their respective centers of ethnic influence. Regions characterized by considerable heterogeneity have been left in blank.

The Baltic race is found in its purest state in the Scandinavian peninsula and in Scotland. It fills the British Isles and



DISTRIBUTION OF THE RACES OF EUROPE

Modern ethnography recognizes in the Caucasian or white race at least three main subraces: the Baltic¹ race, called Teutonic by Professor Ripley of Harvard University in his beautiful work on the races of Europe, the Alpine race, and the Mediterranean or Ligurian race. These races are mixed to a considerable extent in some regions, yet, on the whole, they are still more frequently found isolated in

¹ Called by Deniker *Nordique*, which Professor Ripley translates as Nordic. In place of the latter term Professor Giddings suggests "Baltic," which I adopt as being remarkably accurate. Just as the Mediterranean Sea is the natural center of the Mediterranean people, so is the Baltic Sea

the northern plain of Germany. More or less mixed with the other two European races, it occupies many regions of France, central Europe, and Russia. It is probably the result of the natural selection practised by a cold climate over emigrants who belonged to the primitive Mediterranean race, and who had gradually moved northward. Many of their mental as well as their physical characteristics find an ex-

the center of the Nordic race. Even in the case of Great Britain, it may be said that the people who gave to the British their dominant features came, in historic and prehistoric times, from Scandinavia, Denmark, and the northern plain of Germany.—G. M.

planation in that hypothesis: those individuals who, through lack of ingenuity, foresight, or activity, were unable to meet the requirements of a severe winter, perished, generation after generation; their posterity was constantly decreased, and the posterity of the active, energetic, and thoughtful was thereby relatively increased.

This race is, like the Mediterranean, dolichocephalic; that is, its representatives possess a long and narrow skull. They are tall, have blue eyes, light hair, and a narrow nose. They are content with a plain, uniform food, and while less fond of fat than the hyperborean races of men, are not averse to the eating of a relatively large amount of it with their meat.

Mentally they are enterprising and persevering, and cheerfully dedicate most of their time and thought to work. In this they differ from the Mediterranean race, which loves rest and pleasure. They are liberally gifted with those moral instincts which are highly favorable to the creation and growth of communities, although not always so favorable to the individual who possesses them; they are altruistic, fearless, honest, and sincere. They love order and cleanliness, and attach considerable importance to the dress and external appearance of individuals. In this last respect they are unlike the Alpine people, but resemble the Mediterranean, who dress well whenever they can afford to do so. They instinctively despise men who differ much from them. This feeling has prevented their mixing on a large scale with human races other than the white one.

Gathered about the mountain-ranges of central and southern Europe, the Alpine race has received its name from its habitat. When, as happens in Russia, it is much diluted by intermarriage with other races, it may be found in plains. Wherever purer, it prefers barren mountains to fertile plains. Like the chamois, it has been so molded by hundreds of centuries of natural selection that it will thrive best in regions which are by no means hospitable to the majority of living beings.

A stream of the Alpine race starts from Asia Minor and spreads over Europe, following mountain-ranges. This fact, together with the existence of the Alpine type in a high degree of purity on the plateaus of western Asia, has led many

ethnologists to admit the Asiatic origin of this race.

Its head form is the opposite of that of the Baltic and the Mediterranean race. The skull is broad and short: the race is brachycephalic. As a result, the breadth of the cranium gives a globular head and a round face. The eyes are gray and the hair is chestnut. The chin is full. The Alpine race is sometimes of a rather small stature, as in Brittany, and sometimes tall, as in western Switzerland. These people are nearly always stocky. An unusual number of representatives of the race, generally from southern German stock, are found among the motormen of electric cars in our American cities. By requiring from that class of employees a certain weight, electric-car companies practise an unconscious selection in favor of the Alpine.

They are conservative. The war of Vendée, in 1793, was to France but one of the numerous and disagreeable revelations of that spirit. They are not artistic. While the Paris Salon draws an average of five exhibitors out of every hundred thousand Mediterranean French, and about four from the same number of Baltic people, it draws only one from that number of Alpine. Although Rousseau excelled in letters, he despised literature, and Mme. de Staël philosophized before works of art. The Alpine race is more given to meditation than to action. Pascal, Leibnitz, Agassiz, Arnold Guyot, Pasteur, are fair examples of their trend of mind. They are endowed with powerful family affections. Indeed, it may be said that the family more than the individual is the unit of the Alpine. They are better husbands and wives and worse citizens than the Baltic. Divorce statistics in France show that while out of every thousand Baltic families there are ten divorces, that number falls to five among the Mediterranean, and to three among the Alpine. France is the only country which can furnish such statistics; in no other are the three European races found in such a state of integrity while yet living under uniform marriage and divorce laws.

The Alpine show no great reverence for wealth, and, although laborious, rarely strive hard to become rich. But the most distinctive mental trait of that people is its indifference in all matters pertaining to

personal appearance, dress, and house furnishing. It has been the privilege of the writer to travel on foot in the great Alpine centers (racially speaking) of Europe, and he has been everywhere bewildered at the extreme simplicity of well-to-do bourgeois and farmers. Fashion has but little hold on the Alpine. In French Brittany and in the Austrian Tyrol people still cling to a costume which was worn two centuries ago. In seventeen of the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland, on gala days, peasants wear dresses the origin of which dates from the middle ages. In Savoy and Auvergne wealthy old farmers put on clothes cut after the fashion which was common when they were twenty years old.

The oldest human stratum found in Europe is our third race. Wherever prehistoric sepulchres exist, they show, either by the primitive stone implements which lie by the dead, or, as happens in the caverns of France, by the relative position of the skeletons, that the Mediterranean has preceded the other two races in the possession of plains and valleys. Our map shows that it is to-day confined to southern Europe. It is also found, however, in northern Africa, and thus encircles the Mediterranean Sea within an almost continuous belt. Hence comes its name. While resembling the Baltic people in the shape of the head, the Mediterranean can be distinguished from them at a glance: their eyes and hair are dark, and their stature is inferior to that of the Baltic. They are generally slender in body.

The Mediterranean is the most emotional of the three European races. It lacks the persevering energy of the Baltic. Those people are equally prone to enthusiasm and to discouragement. They do well and promptly any work which they like, but it is easy to see that the performing of a task which is distasteful to them costs them a tremendous effort.

They are instinctively courteous in address. Politeness and fine manners in France reach their maximum in the southern region occupied by the Mediterranean race; they are at a minimum in the three Alpine centers of Brittany, Savoy, and Auvergne, the Bretons being considered as sullen, the Savoyards as uncouth, and the Auvergnats as rough beyond description. The only province of Spain the inhabitants of which have, throughout the peninsula, a

reputation for unmannerliness is the only one where the average cephalic index rises to eighty. Galicia is a mountainous country, and has evidently received, in prehistoric times, an admixture of Alpine blood. In his novel "La hermana San Sulpicio," which has received the honor of an English translation, the Spanish author Palacio Valdés mentions repeatedly the poor estimate in which the Gallegos, on account of their coarseness, are held by the other Spaniards.

The Mediterranean people love art. The history of painting, sculpture, music, literature is mainly a Mediterranean history. France owes her present hegemony in art to the Mediterranean race. If literature could find its expression, as music does, in a universal language, Italian literature would now occupy in the world a place similar to that occupied by Italian music, and the literary world might hail in the Spanish woman Emilia Pardo Bazán, one of the greatest novelists of our age.

The pictorial diagram on page 684 shows the relative proportion of immigrants of the three European races who landed on our shores from 1835 to 1890. It can be seen at a glance that, during that period, the Baltic element had an overwhelming numerical preponderance.

But during the last years of the decade 1880-90 the nature of our immigrants underwent a change. Immigration from central Europe and Italy increased suddenly. In the year 1887 it doubled its volume. Every year of the decade 1890-1900 saw a new increase of a formerly insignificant element. Strange enough, the same period witnessed a considerable falling off in the *absolute* number of Baltic immigrants from the British Isles, Sweden, Norway, and Germany.

This last element, however, was still preponderant among our immigrants during the decade 1890-1900, but our second diagram shows that it was then not far from losing its numerical superiority over the other two European races. This superiority was lost completely during the two years 1901-02 (fiscal year ending on June 30), and if the factors which steadily and deeply modify the origin of the current of immigration to this country do not disappear, immigrants landing during the decade 1900-10 will belong almost exclusively to the Alpine and Mediterranean stocks. It does not come within the scope of this ar-

ticle to determine the nature of these factors; we merely wish to point out some of their unavoidable, although remote, consequences.

To say that the great bulk of the American people sees in the recent phase of immigration to their country an unmitigated evil is probably not an exaggerated statement. If the reasons for such an opinion were asked, the answer would generally be that the newcomers are ignorant and shabby. For the student of man, however, these reasons have not the weight which they carry in the popular mind. When, as is the case with most of our present immigrants, ignorance has for its cause the lack, not of intelligence, but of the proper educational facilities, it is an acquired negative characteristic. As such it is not transmissible to offspring, and means absolutely nothing for the future of the race. The first Baltic people brought to Rome by the armies of Cæsar were looked upon in contempt by patricians and plebeians alike. They were ignorant, rude, uncivilized. Fifteen centuries later, when the Renaissance swept over their land, the descendants of those same Baltic barbarians started a civilization which, in many respects, is now the first of the world. Placed in the highly favorable American economic conditions, the next generation of our Italian immigrants will promptly show us that they lack neither intelligence nor imagination nor artistic talent. That the recent turn taken by immigration will deeply and in many ways modify our national character is certain. That it will deteriorate it is not. Some of the modifications will be for the worse, some for the better. We can measure the extent of none, and ought thereby to be prevented from making sweeping assertions.

The most conspicuous physical change which will be brought about by intermarriage with the newcomers will be the least noticed by all but ethnologists. It is the change which took place in many parts of Europe after the great prehistoric Alpine invasion, and which is clearly seen in sepulchres posterior to that event. The skull will become shorter and broader. That change is taking place now, on a large scale, in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and especially Massachusetts. We leave it to esthetes to decide whether it gives us reason to rejoice or lament.

A reduction of the average stature will

be an altogether unpleasant but unavoidable feature of the racial change brought about by our present immigrants. The average size of the Baltic people is five feet and eight inches. That of the Alpine is somewhat smaller. Smaller still is that of the Mediterranean. In the last two races stature, moreover, varies much in different localities. In the Spanish province of Andalusia the Mediterranean race reaches an average of five feet and seven inches. Andalusians have colonized our Porto Rico possession, and give there a favorable impression of the Mediterranean race so far as size is concerned. Unfortunately, in the case of our Italian immigrants, we draw our supply from the regions in which the Mediterranean people hold the record for the smallest stature. In the province of Campania, from which there has been an exodus to the United States, the average stature is five feet and three inches. It falls to five feet and one inch in the Basilicata. Few of the tall Alpine Italians who fill the north of the peninsula come here. The Argentine Republic and Brazil take the rank and file of them.

With the widening of the skull and the decrease of the stature, an increase in the number of individuals of the brunette type is the chief physical change which is now taking place in our Eastern industrial cities, and which will, in time, probably extend over the whole land.

Mental changes keep pace with these, and will be most noticeable after the descendants of our present immigrants have identified themselves to a degree with American politics, literature, science, and art. The most conspicuous of these, perhaps, will be a decline of that enterprising spirit which has been called the American push. Both the Alpine and the Mediterranean—the first more than the latter—will contribute to bring about that undesirable result. A restless mind, ever on the watch for opportunities and improvements, is characteristic of the Baltic people, but is found to a higher degree among the Baltic Americans than among European branches of the same race. The artificial selection practised at the time of the immigration of the primitive Baltic stock by the circumstances attending that immigration is the cause of that difference which manifests itself to-day in a thousand various ways. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and part

of the nineteenth century, the voyage from Europe to America was long, perilous, and had many sufferings in store for those who undertook it. As a result, the average of those who chose to depart were gifted with a more enterprising spirit than the average of those who chose to remain. That the newcomers cannot possess that spirit to the same degree results from two facts: they do not belong to the Baltic race, and the voyage from Europe to America is no longer fraught with danger and uncertainty.

Stronger family ties, a marked check in the pursuit as well as in the display of wealth, a greater love for abstract knowledge, for the *science pure* of the French, will be, on the other hand, some not altogether unwholesome features of the influence exerted by our round-headed settlers in their new surroundings.

Nor will the artistic temperament of our Mediterranean friends be a contemptible addition to our national characteristics. We need it.

We need every one of the qualities of the two alien races which are now peaceably invading our land; we want none of their defects; and a question now arises: Is it possible to sift our immigrants so as to get only the flower of them—that is, those who both mentally and physically stand above the average? Man nowadays practises everywhere, on a large scale, artificial selection upon animals, and obtains from that process well-nigh all that he wants in any direction. Artificial selection practised by man on man has, on the contrary, met with great practical difficulties, and the only way in which it is now applied is the military selection *à rebours*, which kills the fittest, and leaves the undersized, the humpback, and the idiot at home for reproductive purposes. America, however, thanks to its peculiar position, can do better. We, and we alone, have a marvelous opportunity to practise on a large scale an effective system of artificial selection for the betterment of our race. Something is already being done in that direction. Convicts, prostitutes, and persons who, through bodily ailments or poverty, are likely to find themselves unable to earn a living, are not admitted. The Shattuck Bill, which includes an educational test, was favorably reported to the Senate. From the ethnologist's standpoint, these laws are good. They could, however, easily be made more

effective without becoming thereby more difficult in their application. They are dictated by a short-sighted policy. Their makers had not so much in view the future as the present; their object was more to keep out of the country immigrants who might become a burden to the community than to improve the race. They ought to be revised in the light of a broader and more far-seeing spirit.

While embodying the same provisions for the exclusion of the physically unfit, they should also require a mental test in which an effort should be made to ascertain not so much the acquired knowledge of the individual as his mental capacity. Properly directed tests made for that special purpose always yield tolerably accurate results. To require the possession of a certain knowledge as a proof of mental vigor is not unlike asking men to caper in order to prove their physical strength. Those who can are unmistakably strong, but many others are strong who cannot caper because they had no opportunity to cultivate that art. Anybody familiar with the nature and extent of the educational facilities in many parts of some of the European countries which deluge us with immigrants will not find the comparison altogether out of place.

Again, the immigration inspectors should not only be thoroughly conversant with the language, customs, geography, history, literature, and art of one of the European countries which sends us immigrants, but they should, moreover, perform their work in that particular country, and not in the United States. The more stringent our immigration laws become, the greater will be the necessity for such a change. How can our immigration officers now know much about the past of men and women who just arrive from a land thousands of miles away? How they can recognize as such former convicts or prostitutes is a mystery to every one. While the number of those who are forbidden to land for such reasons is ridiculously small (ten in 1901), the wonder is that any can be detected. Prospective immigrants ought to apply to immigration inspectors in their own respective countries for a license to enter the United States. Their application should be accompanied with suitable references, including the famous and useful *certificat de bonnes mœurs* delivered by the Conti-

mental police to all who have had no dealings with them. Finally, to be thoroughly efficient, the selective process should not be of an entirely negative character. Trusting in chance alone to prevent us from becoming a nation of honest nobodies is not a wise policy. Whenever a needy person, intending to emigrate, could make it clear to our inspectors in his country that he has somehow and somewhat distin-

guished himself in the field of science, literature, or art, he should be given a free passage to this country. It costs something to get gold out of its gangue, yet, on the whole, the process is a paying one. Intellectual families are more valuable than gold in any country. Poor or rich, they are the real wealth of a nation. To them we owe our greatest achievements and our purest glories.

II. COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING

BY FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS

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THE English language and the traditions of English law will continue to voice American thought and to shape American institutional life; the thought itself and the social life itself will in a large part perpetuate the souls of other peoples than the English. For our blood will in part be other than English blood, and while in all that pertains to practical activity, to education, and, above all, to language, we may place the stamp of our earlier characteristics upon a composite people, in all that pertains to instinct, to habit, to mood, and to sentiment it will be that long heredity of ages which we call "the blood" that will count.

Only recently, and most unwillingly, have Americans of the older stock begun to see and to admit these ethnic truths. That older stock has been curiously self-conscious from early days. It has been, withal, strongly imbued with a certain aristocratic feeling, whether the strain be that of the Virginia cavalier or of the New England Puritan. It has felt itself socially, morally, intellectually superior to the newer arrivals. Yet, in justice, we must admit that the apprehension with which it has viewed the inflow of foreign immigration has largely been due to a serious consideration of the possibility that our institutions may be changed, our ideals and our standards of living lowered. In all that has

been written upon the subject few cheerful notes have been sounded. The possibility that English, Teutonic, Celtic, Latin, and even Slavic elements might blend in a people stronger and yet more sensitive, nobler and yet more impressionable, than any which has yet enjoyed a historic career, was voiced by Bayard Taylor in his "Centennial Ode," but the view which he expressed has not been widely accepted. Rather have newspapers, public speakers, and legislators urged on the passage of laws restricting immigration, hoping thereby to conserve standards which seemed endangered.

Few strictly scientific attempts to study the actual facts have been made. The most noteworthy and the sanest was that of the lamented Professor Mayo-Smith, in his little book "Emigration and Immigration." A new attempt, made in a true scientific spirit and in the light of the latest ethnological knowledge, is that by Mr. Michaud. It is not nationality as such that must in the long run determine the fundamental qualities of the American people. The characteristics which in the aggregate we call nationality, such as language and political associations, are relatively superficial. The fundamental things are character, temperament, aptitude, and these are things of race, far older than nationality.

Our school-books have not yet incorporated that analysis of the white race which

has for many years been accepted by European ethnologists. The great white race of Europe is not one homogeneous whole differentiated into nationalities. It consists of two great subraces, and one of these is further subdivided into two great branches.

To one of these subraces the late Professor Daniel G. Brinton of Philadelphia many years ago proposed to give the name the Eur-African race. To the other we may quite properly give the corresponding name Eur-Asian. The habitat of the Eur-African race includes that portion of Africa which lies north of the Sahara,—and which in fauna and flora is European rather than African,—southern Europe, the British Isles, and the regions round the Baltic. The Eur-Asian subrace, otherwise known as the Alpine race, occupies, as Mr. Michaud's map clearly shows, a large proportion of eastern and central Europe.

The two branches of the Eur-African subrace have been variously designated by ethnologists, but the best and simplest names are the Mediterranean and the Baltic. Both are long-headed or dolichocephalic, while the Alpine is broad-headed or brachycephalic. The Alpine is conservative and, as Mr. Michaud says, clannish. The Mediterranean and the Baltic have always been progressive; the Baltic energetically, the Mediterranean artistically, creative. European civilization, as Professor Sergi of Rome, in his book on "The Mediterranean Race," has shown, has been created chiefly by the Mediterranean stock.

The reader of Mr. Michaud's article may possibly gather from it an impression that the Baltic branch, highly endowed with industrial energy and political gifts, is yet lacking in imaginative power. This judgment would hardly be warranted by the known facts. The precise temperamental difference between the Mediterranean and the Baltic branch, and between both of these and the Alpine stock, can best be understood if we remember that two or more individuals or two or more peoples that are highly emotional and imaginative may yet differ profoundly in the precise qualities of their emotional moods and in their forms of imaginative expression. Emotion may be gay, melancholy, or dramatic. Imagination may express itself in plastic forms, or it may work with the subjective material of sentiment, mood, or fancy. The artistic characteristic of the

Mediterranean stock, on the whole, is plastic expression. That of the Baltic branch, on the whole, is dramatic expression. Superbly in keeping, for example, are the Icelandic stories of "The Burnt Njal" with the wild life of sea-roving and piracy which the Scandinavian people led so long.

Over against these temperamental tendencies lies the brooding, contemplative mood, sometimes melancholy, sometimes wonderfully sweet and tender, of the Alpine stock. In a remarkable psychological study of "Ernest Renan and the Soul of the Celt," M. Louis Marillier has revealed to us the singularly beautiful sentiment which is found among the Breton peasantry. It would be questionable, however, to identify too closely the poetic beauties of the legend of the Holy Grail with the blood of the Alpine stock. We must remember that the people of Brittany are partly of that old stock of Britain and Wales which crossed over the Channel after the Saxon invasion of the British Isles. That stock was only in part of Eur-Asian antecedents. Largely its blood was of that ancient Mediterranean race which survives to-day in the black-eyed men of Wales. While much of the tender sentiment characteristic of Breton legend is of Alpine racial origin, its imaginative expression is of the same lineage as the fairy lore of the Welsh valleys and of the Irish glens. Moreover, it is certain that some of the more beautiful portions of the Arthurian cycle, in its developed form, were of Norman, that is, of Baltic origin.

If now, as Mr. Michaud shows us from our federal statistics, the American population is henceforth to contain a smaller proportion of the energetic Baltic blood and a larger proportion of the art- and leisure-loving Mediterranean blood, as well as an increasing proportion of that conservative, contemplative stock which comes from eastern Europe, we are concerned to know what the future American people thus composed will be like. Above all, since it is not to be, as hitherto, a people chiefly of English descent, how far will its qualities, produced by this new and perhaps most extensive blending of ethnic elements in all history, be like the qualities of the English people since the Norman Conquest?

The English people also was created by an astonishing admixture of the three great racial varieties of Europe. First of all

were those older Britons, the Goidelic Celts, in whom the main stream of blood was the dark Mediterranean current. Superimposed upon this stock were the Brythonic Celts, in whom was a larger mixture of the blood of the broad-headed men of eastern Europe. Overlying these and mingling with them, came the Baltic Saxons, Jutes, Angles, and Danes, and ultimately the Baltic Normans, slightly modified by admixture with Mediterranean and Alpine elements in the region between Caen and Rouen. Here surely was an ethnic composition singularly like that which we are now witnessing in our own land. And what came of it? A people in which were combined, as never before in the history of man, the elements of stability and of enterprise; of family affection and of patriotic citizenship; of tenderest sentiment and of dramatic fire; of poetical, industrial, and political capacity; of philosophic power

and of scientific precision; a people that could produce a Cromwell and a "Tom" Moore, a Berkeley and an Adam Smith, a Nelson and a Stephenson, a Shakspeare and a Darwin, a Spenser and a Spencer.

In our own land all of these elements will again combine; not, of course, in the same proportion, for history repeats itself only in its general phases, never in its concrete details. But the proportions will be such as to make a people strong and plastic—with possibilities of action and of expression, of grasp upon the garnered experience of the race, and of daring outreach into the things that as yet have never been, such as no people has yet shown.

"Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'T was glory, once, to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a Man!"



ALL IN ALL

BY FLORENCE BROOKS

I AM a pilgrim of the withered staff
Wandering the world, and thou my godlike love;
Thou art the dizzy universe above
My gaze illuminate, and fruit and chaff
Are naught. But pour me tears of rain to quaff,
Send sunny winds to please, make oceans move
For my great wonder, O my poet love,
And I will care not if I weep or laugh.
To thy sweet moods I would be like a flower
Soft in the flowing wind, or like a pool
Beneath the purple rain; from hour to hour
Thou swayest; I am thine, priestess or fool.
I care not if my life be song or sob,
So in the night I hear thy strong heart throb.